

Threnodia Apollinaris.

A
Funeral POEM
TO THE
MEMORY
OF THE
Right HONOURABLE
Joseph Addison, Esq;

*----- Virtus occidit Orbi,
In Caelis oritura -----*

By E. SETTLE. *K*

LONDON: Printed for the Author, 1719.

Threnodia Apollinaria

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Joseph Addison, Esq;

Who died the 17th of March 1704

In the 53rd Year of his Majesty's

By E. Settle

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TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq, &c.

WAS at their own *APOLLO*'s rising Dawn;
The *Nine* in their Harmonious Circle drawn,
All met their duteous Orisons to pay
To the Immortal *Charioteer of Day*,
WIT and LIGHT's equal *Deity*: Behold
Illumin'd with his orient Beams of Gold;
With Eyes uplifted to his rowling Throne;
Nor with a V Varmth from his gay Beams alone;
With yet diviner Airs their whole tun'd Choir
With double Harmony resolv'd t' inspire,
Amplify their Song th' united Raptures stor'd,
Twixt their own Patron *GOD*, and *BRITAIN*'s

[Guardian LORD.

B

VVell

Well might each Theme one common Song inspire,
 Two shining Luminaries ; He in th' High'r,
 And *GEORGE* in his lower Sphere, alike design'd
 Each to adorn the VWorld and cheer Mankind :
BRITAIN's Pacific *Genius*, now call'd forth
 To give his own divine *MINERVA* Birth ;
EUROPE's Great *ARBITER*, her Jarrs bid cease,
 And hush the VWorld to *Universal Peace*.

On their own *Heliconian Bank* of Flow'rs,
 All fair *Devotes* to such auspicious Powrs,
 This hallow'd Subject wak'd the Virgin Train
 Now ecchoing round the whole *Castalian Plain* ;
 When the *Wing'd Goddess* came (alas ! too soon,)
 To dash their *Airs*, and all their Joys untune !
 With posting VVing she came, but drooping Head,
 To tell them--Oh ! their *best lov'd DARLING* dead,
 Their *ADDISON*--'Twas here their Measures stopt,
 And their great Song the startled Sisters dropt.
 Well they remembred with a grateful Thought
 His studious Labours in their Service wrought.
 No abler Hand e'er strung the *Muses Lyre*,
 Or warm'd with more divine *Poetick Fire* ;
 With sweeter Numbers furnisht out their Choir.

Threnodia Apollinaris.

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No less remembr'd too, not in their Own
More Airy Flight, their lighter Cause alone ;
Ah, no ! with yet sublimer Glory fir'd,
The whole unshaken P A T R I O T *Warmth* inspir'd,
A Heart so Seald, Fidelity secur'd ;
T' his sacred *G E O R G E* his ever best Ador'd,
What towering Heights did his Devotion rise !
Like the unwearied Bird of Paradise,
Whose VVing neer flags before she falls and dies.

'Twixt these revolving Thoughts fixt and amaz'd,
A while all mute they on each other gaz'd.
When, lo, U R A N I A, Fairest of the Choir,
To break their silence and new Airs inspire,
Rouse, Rouse, she cryed, does the dread Story come
So stagg'ring, as to strike the Muses dumb !
Both Joy and Grief alike our Consort draws :
We must find Harmony in every Cause.
Our Choir all dash'd ! No, let our duteous Song,
If possible, find a yet spritelier Tongue.

To th' *Honour'd* D E A D when our wet Eyes we turn ;
To brighten ev'n the shades around their Urn,
VVe chant their *Glories* whilst their *Deaths* we mourn

Be-

Besides meer Gratitude alone demands
 At these sad Rites our Ministerial Hands.
 Yes, *ADDISON*, the least that we can pay
 At thy Enstalmment on thy Throne of Clay.
 And whilst the Incense of our Vows aspires
 Perfum'd and lighted at thy Fun'ral Fires,
 Oh would we pay thee ought that's worthy thee,
 Thy own *Memorials* must th' Oblation be.
 The *Persians* thus, when they their *SUN* ador'd,
 VVith Loads of precious Gums his Altars stor'd ;
 No more then all his Own, their fragrant Steams
 The product of his own prolifick Beams.

And here, my *Muse*, his fair *Memoirs* to trace
 Set out thy Song ev'n from his Juvenile Race.
Letters, Arts, Sciences, their Chace he chose:
 And soon to a *Gamaliel Graduate* rose.
 So early Ripe the Lab'ring Student grew,
 That the Expecting VVorlds whole Eyes he drew.

Nor fate he down content his Brows to Gild
 With the best VVreaths from *Learning's* fragrant Field,
 All his *Oxonian* Garden Bed cou'd yeild. }
 Behold him still to Foreign Worlds sent o'er,
 New Mines of sacred Knowledge to explore.

Travel the Mart of *Knowledge* where each Plume
Is all imported Wealth t' enrich at Home.
If *Wisdom's* Chace, the Search of Nature's Veins
And studied Universe be worth the Pains,
'Twas in this fair Perloit, no Throne too far,
Nor *Alps* nor *Appennines* his Course must bar.
What tho' before so Rich, yet still too poor
To all he carried out he wanted more.
Men, Manners, Laws and Lands, he studied all;
And as he mov'd he rowl'd the gath'ring Ball:
In Nature's Book that learn'd Proficient grown
Resolv'd to make the well read World his own
Such was the Course his wing'd Ambition ran
From the *Bodleian* to the *Vatican*.
Yes, an Apollinary Summons calls
The Trav'ling *ADDISON* to *ROME's* proud Walls,
ROME, whole once potent Arm the Thunder hurl'd,
Held th' Universal Reins and drove the World.
But now her *Consuls* and her *Cæsars* lost,
Her Race of *Worthies* does no longer boast.
But tho' her *Capitol* commands no more,
Her *Conclave* arrogates th' Imperial Pow'r.

The Subject Universe no longer driv'n,
 Sets up her *Phaetons* and now drives Heav'n.
 Here *ADDISON* all pleas'd and wondring read
 The Monumental Fames of her great Dead.
 View'd her old Piles of Venerable Rust,
 Her seven proud *Hills* and prouder *Heroes* Dust.
 Fir'd with a generous Heat here long he staid,
 And all the Glories of *Old ROME* survey'd:
 From her *New* Glory, with a colder Look,
 His Icy Veins but small Impression took,
 He with her scarlet *Syren's* Songs uncharm'd,
 At her Old Urnes, not her new Altars warm'd.

Thus furnisht out with all that cou'd adorn
 The *BRITON*, to his *Country's* Service born,
 See where Inviting Courts their Fav'rite call'd,
 In Pow'r and TRUST their *ADDISON* enstal'd,
 Not with AUTHORITY's gay Trappings caught
Pow'r and high *Trust* accepted but not sought.
 'Twas thus uprais'd that Honour'd Post to fill,
 His Hand entrusted with th' *Imperial QUILL*,
 To stamp the *Royal Mandates*, and disperse
 The *Albion Fiat's* round the Universe.

Nor

Nor his Just Praile BRITANNIA only Sung.
With his Applause no less HIBERNIA rung ;
Whilst to her ADDISON her Royal Lyre she strung
But whilst Rewarding M^AJESTY bestow's
On such DESERT the whole warm Smiles he owes,
What did we more in such rais'd WORTH behold
Then a Rich JEWEL set in poorer Gold.

Oh, ADDISON! Thy Lawrel-Bed to Plant
The COURTIER, PATRIOT, or the BARD to Chant,
Our Song that narrower Circuit must not bound:
Thy yet more Monumental Praile to Sound ;
Oh ! with thy sweet and tuneful Temper blest,
Thy Bosome sure was all one *Hælcion Nest*.
HUMANITY ev'n to that Height refin'd,
That certainly if the Angelick-kind
Would their *Beatitude* a while resign,
And to our Eyes in Mortal Conversẽ joyn,
Whatever their *Divine Address* might be,
They'd copy sure their *Humane Airs* from Thee.

Oh ! shining ADDISON, such the acquir'd,
And Innate VIRTUES which thy Breast inspir'd,
The Junior World hadst Thou been born to lead,
Original Nature worn thy stainless Robe ;

The unavenging God had never shed
 His Deluge down to wash the spotted Globe
 Thus tho' the *Maro*, *Flaccus*, *Pindar*, join'd,
 Thro' all thy whole Poetick Labours shin'd,
 That true *URANIA* tun'd thy *MUSES* Sphere,
 Her Song ne'er shockt the tendrest *Vestal* Ear.
 Ah no, that modest *Aur* thy Numbers grac'd:
 No vile Allay thy Radiant Oar debas'd.
 Illumin'd by yet more Celestial Beams
 Thy Closet found thee yet sublimer Themes:
 Content not in the *Muses* Field, t' assume
 In their low'r Circle a less soaring Plume;
 No from *JOHN*'s Eagle in her touring Pride,
 Or *MATHEW*'s Angel's Wing thy Quilt supplied,
 Thus furnisht for a more Seraphick Flight
 The studious *ADDISON* sat down to write,
 Thy darling Choice to blazon every Gem
 That even adorns th' Immortal Diadem,
 Heav'n and the Majesty of Heav'n displaid
 Thy Pen, *LUKE*'s Pencil, even the *GOD* pourtray'd
 As here those bright concentring *GRACES* met,
Respect, *Love*, *Honour*, all a publick Debt,
 ; edoll daniel's Rode ; What

What must the V World pay such *Divine DESERT*!
Such the Attractions won his *WARWICKS*'s Heart.
She saw the Lustre of a Soul so bright,
Like Saints enamour'd of *Immortal Light*.
As this the Living *WORTHY*, to display
The Sorrows at such *VIRTUES* setting Day.

So when some dreadful Conflagration pours
It's flaming Torrent o'er the sacred Towers
Of some tall *DOME*, wrapt in our spreading Blaze,
With helpless Hands and trickling Eyes we gaze.
But Oh, not half the Sighs and Tears we call
Only to see the tumbling Fabrick fall :
No, when our Eyes to th' Inmost Treasure turn
And see the *Raphael* and the *Titian* burn,
The Riches of the *Pencil*, and the *Loom*,
The Orient Sparkle and the Tyrian Bloom ;
The cracking *Porphyry*, and melting *Gold*,
All in one swallowing Ruine to behold ;
Then the drown'd Eyes we to this Object turn.
Tis with such Grief our *ADDISON* we mourn.
Such was the Conflagration at his Urn.

If distant Eyes must mourn a Loss so felt,
Into what Tears must his Fair *WARWICK* melt,

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Those

Those drowning Eyes--But, Oh, this Scene of Grief
 In its true Shades and drawn to the full Life,
Poet and *Painter*, both th' Attempt give o'er,
 A Task beyond the Pen or Pencil's Pow'r.
 Nay in meer Tenderneſs, my *Muſe*, forbear:
 Nor dare to touch ſuch bleeding Wounds too near.

And thou dear Pledge of Love, his ſole Remains
 From his Life's deareſt Half, his *WARWICK*'s Veins,
 His little *CHARLOTTE*, what's thy ſhare of VVoe!
 Thy ſhare, ſweet Innocence?---To feel this Blow,
 Alas, thy humble Cradle lyes too low.
 No, in thy growing Charms advanc'd ſo far
 As to thy Early Riſe, a young *COURT-STAR*;
 Then when thoſe Twins of Light ſhall find their Darts
 At once to dazle Eyes and captive Hearts,
 Here the *Wing'd GODDESS* with her Train of Fame
 In duty to that ever Honour'd Name,
 T' her *ADDISON* her daily Off'rings made,
 A Debt that's ever paying, never paid,
 Shall 'twixt a Pleaſure and a Pain repeat
 How lov'd he ſhin'd, and oh; how mourn'd he let:

Then

Then, then's the Payment of thy sad Arrears :
Thy Greif's reserv'd for yet remoter Years :
Alas, the *Veins* must ripen for thy Tears.

That sickly Body, and that Healthy Mind,
Nature and Heav'n's unequal Bounties joyn'd,
Our *ADDISON* reacht up t' his Brightest Ray,
In his *Meridian Zenith* snatcht away,
Behold St. *PETER*'s sacred Dome renown'd
For the proud Brows of Monarchs doubly Crown'd ;
Here th' Hoop of Gold they take, and here lay down
Their resting Heads for an *Immortal Crown*,
Lo, where this Venerable Pile invites
His dear Remains to their last Funeral Rites,
Here then his Monumentual Statue found ;
And here the Sovereign Heads that sleep all round,
Resign'd, bright Guardians, to your sacred Trust,
His Ashes mix with your own Royal Dust.

But whilst our *ALBION*'s too just Griefs deplore
Her *ADDISON* now seen on Earth no more :
Nor can the whole sad *NINE ONE DARLING* call
Singly to copy this Original !



No,

No, *ADDISON*, in a Descent entire,
 (Such the bright Mass of thy *Apollinary Fire*)
 Not One capacious Breast can hold Thee Whole;
 Perhaps thy more Diffusive Warmth they'll doal;
 A Radiant Spark to each Enlighten'd Mind
 Amongst the whole surviving *Delphick kind*.

Thus thy laid *HEAD* to its long *Requiem* gone,
 As his recorded *Race of GLORY* run,
 When the great *MACEDONIAN's* Breath resign'd,
 He left a conquer'd Universe behind,
 His *SUCCESSORS*, to part his pondrous Robe,
 Each took a Share, and canton'd out the Globe,
 So only thy lamented Loss supplied,
 Thy Transmigrated *SOUL* & One *HEIR* denied,
 May they thy *Genius* like his *World* divide.

F I N I S,



